

# THE CANADIAN FORUM



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No. 15

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ELSEWHERE in this issue an estimate is attempted of the significance of the General Election. Those who look beyond immediate triumphs and reverses will unite, irrespective of party, in deploring certain tendencies which have been made manifest by the results. The task of statesmanship in the next generation is one that will demand the best from our political leaders, and if we are to secure the fundamental unity of spirit which should underlie all party struggles (and without which no federation can prosper) we shall secure it only by the loyal co-operation, during and after elections, of government and opposition. The campaign just ended witnessed on both sides appeals to the fears and cupidities of voters, which can be nothing but an embarrassment to the leaders who sought to profit by them. Retrospectively we feel little pride either in the campaign of 1911 or in that of 1917. While the recent campaign was conducted on a higher plane, particularly in its comparative freedom from racial animosities, and while there was much sober discussion of real issues, it is doubtful if the verdict obtained represents at all accurately the judgment of the people.

AT the time of writing, nothing more than the preliminary announcements of the Irish settlement are available, the details having been withheld pending ratification by Dail Eireann. In substance, the agreement, which provides for a much more complete measure of Dominion Home Rule than has been proposed at any time hitherto, seems to be a just and reasonable one. In form it is generous. The name of the new dominion is, in fact, just the sort of happy inspiration that may quite easily, with men whose minds are as embittered as many of the Sinn Feiners' must be, have made all the difference between success and failure. If, to some people, it may seem premature to speak so confidently of a settlement, one can only say that the chances of Dail Eireann's refusing to confirm the agreement can hardly be anything but remote. As for Parliament, no surer indication of its temper could be desired than its recent discouragement of the Die-Hards. The history of Ireland's relations with England is, however, so much a history

of failures and disappointments that one might still feel dubious were it not for the fact that the great mass of the people of both countries have clearly set their hearts upon a settlement. Now that a basis of settlement has been not only discovered, but announced, it is unlikely, to say the least, that either side will see it wrecked by any act of partizan folly.

MOREOVER even Ulster seems, as a result of the treaty, to have been shorn already of her power to impose a veto. That power, in the last analysis, rested upon English Toryism; and it was Mr. Lloyd George's peculiar contribution to this settlement that he, of all men, was able to rally the bulk of the Unionist party to the side of peace. Ulster still has power, however, to injure and delay. One of the Sinn Feiners' chief demands has always been for an Ireland undivided. The modification of this demand, their great concession, means that the decision as to the completeness and finality of the settlement now rests with Ulster alone. Ulster may elect to retain her present unsatisfactory status under the Partition Act, but if she does she will have to submit to a ratification of her frontiers that will mean, in all probability, the loss of the two predominantly Nationalist counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh. The choice of this alternative in preference to that of provincial status in the Irish Free State would be so plainly a sacrifice of her own interests to prejudice and bigotry that there seems to be some ground for hoping that the longer view will prevail.

NO political event of recent years has fixed the attention of the civilized world upon international affairs in the way the Washington conference has. Yet the attitude of the majority of those who watch it is not, thanks chiefly to Mr. Wells, one of blind confidence. Indeed, for many, the scene already begins to grow a little cheerless; a mood approaching to futility threatens to overshadow the first enthusiasm. M. Briand has said his say, and returned to an impoverished but still suspicious France, conscious of its increasing isolation. The conference, no less

than the public, seems, in fact, to be chilled by the realization of its limitations; and it is in this spirit that it has settled down to hammer out its naval programme amid the inevitable recriminations of the chauvinists. It is being suggested, too, that, by placing armaments before policy, the Americans have jeopardised a settlement in the East, putting reactionary governments in the position of being able to demand concessions there in return for naval reductions. Of this there is yet no definite evidence; and, on the whole, the prospects of success within the original limits, seem to be as bright today as they have ever been. For behind M. Briand's worn rhetoric lies, not only Mr. Hughes' unforgettable speech, but also the sobering knowledge that the payment of France's debt to the United States will not be made any easier by a breakdown at Washington.

ONE thing, however, becomes increasingly apparent as the conference proceeds, and that is that neither it nor any instrument like it will ever furnish an adequate basis for a permanent international organization. On several occasions recently President Harding has spoken of it as a probable starting point for his association of nations, which he suggests, apparently without any sense of irony, should be constituted along the lines of the old Hague conferences—that is without any definite or comprehensive constitution, and totally without the power of enforcing its decisions. Now if that is really President Harding's idea of a substitute for the League of Nations, the sooner he realizes that there are limits to what the rest of the world will do to save the face of the Republican party the better. The League is not a perfect instrument, as its best friends are ready to admit; but it marks, both in conception and in form, so tremendous an advance on any earlier organization that the nations which compose it, and particularly the smaller ones, are not likely to exchange it for any feeble ghost of the Hague conferences. President Harding may change the name; he may even change the form; the substance, if he cherishes any hope of success, he will not attempt to change.

WE have denied ourselves the pleasure of reproducing Mr. W. S. Allward's Battlefields Memorial for the simple reason that it has been adequately reproduced already in many places, and seen, as far as it can be seen, by all who wished. In a strict sense no one has yet seen it but the artist in his mind's eye. The monument will take several years to execute and then will be the time to appraise it more fully. But only a person of imperfect faculties could fail to recognise in the reproduction that the human spirit is speaking here on a great scale. Mr. Allward's power of setting figures and groups

of figures against a vast monumental background is a unique thing. It is possible that a hundred years from now Mr. Allward's Memorial will be recognised all over the world as a landmark in our development. Obviously it is a landmark in Mr. Allward's development and probably a landmark in modern sculpture, but one would like it to stand also as a landmark for Canada, as a supreme example of what a Canadian artist can do, when he gets the chance. For we have only to consider the great war memorials of antiquity to learn that the immediate and retrospective function of a war memorial slowly fades before its own intrinsic worth.

THE chances are that the work of Canadian artists will be recognised abroad before it is fully appreciated at home. Europe, not Canada, will pass judgment on Mr. Allward's Memorial. The work of Canadians in the War Records is probably better remembered in London than in Canada. Modern Canadian paintings tour the United States and meet with finer appreciation than they find at home. Manitoba has the enterprise to decorate its provincial Buildings but it cautiously goes abroad for artists. It is an old story in an aggravated form. If artists have made great names for themselves in Europe, it is because someone had the pluck to employ them before they had a name. There is a rumour abroad which we trust is unfounded that the extensive decorations to be executed at the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa will be put directly in the hands of English artists. This would be an injustice. With the Allward Memorial before it, public opinion should insist either that the work be entrusted to a group of Canadians or that the matter be settled by open competition. We think that the Canadians would hold their own in open competition in spite of their enforced lack of experience. There can be no doubt that we have artists with spacious decorative gifts which are spoiling for want of a big opportunity, and we are convinced that, if the spirit of Canada is to be set on our public walls, Canadians must do it. We would wish to see Canada itself set down in broad lines; the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, the prairie, the Rockies; the fisherman, the trapper, the Indian, the prospector, the missionary, the lumberman, the rancher, the homesteader. What a field for those who have it in their bones! If Ottawa gave a lead our banks and big companies might follow suit and provide our large cities with the nobly and appropriately decorated interiors which they at present lack.

BOOK week has drawn public attention to the Canadian Authors Association. The Association came into existence quite legitimately as a union of authors whose legal rights it will henceforth protect. It took a vigorous and timely stand on the question of copyright and earned the approval of all



who cared for healthy conditions in the book trade. Its next appearance was in a new rôle which in practice amounted to publicity and nothing else. This did not seem wholly compatible with the former attitude of the Association and set many wondering what its exact limits were and to what end its main energies would be applied. We all recognise the several rights of publisher, author, and critic, but we are apprehensive when we see them indiscriminately mingled, as they appear to be in the Authors Association. Criticism under the wing of the publisher never reads the same as criticism that is morally independent. Methods of publicity which by the general standards of our age are acceptable in the publisher come with an ill grace from the author. We feel that the Authors Association has not fully considered all these issues and that it should lose no time in doing so. A Book Week belongs to the legitimate sphere of the publisher, hardly to that of the Authors Association. If the basis of membership of the Association permits it to exercise critical and academic functions, well and good. Circles of literary study might be organised in innumerable centres and the Universities might be relieved in this way of part of their burden of extension duties. Failing this there is nothing for the Authors Association to do but to return to its original function as a protective union.

THE Community Players of Montreal brought an interesting double bill to Hart House Theatre on November 19. Their visit was welcome for many reasons. It made a small breach in that Chinese wall of indifference that separates educated Montreal from educated Toronto to the lasting discredit of both cities. It also brought the very fine acting of Mr. Caplan and the first play of Miss Marjorie Pickthall, about which opinion seems to be more divided. The press said that the play had failed, but we cannot agree with that opinion. We had expected it to fail, for there is little in Miss Pickthall's secure achievement as a lyrical poet to suggest that she has dramatic power. The play did betray a certain lack of theatrical experience. But we were agreeably surprised to find ourselves drawn into an intensely conceived situation with real spiritual force at the back of it. The trouble was perhaps, that the play in its reserved way asked more of the audience than to sit back and leave everything to the author. It did not appeal to inertia but to those who were themselves spiritually active. It aimed at a higher standard, therefore, than the triple bill of the Hart House Players themselves a couple of weeks previously. Dunsany and Barrie with all their finesse cater to a low ideal; they trade in thimblefuls of horror and sentiment and administer their never-failing catch in the throat to a tired world. This serves a certain purpose but has little place in such a theatre as Hart House. *Candida*, in December, was a wholesome corrective.

### The General Election of 1921

FEW people anticipated a clear Liberal majority in Canada's next parliament. Indeed from the time when Mr. Meighen decided to appeal to the people it was generally supposed that no one of the three parties would have a working majority, and that a coalition of some sort would be necessary. At first, it appeared probable that either the Conservatives or the Progressives would have the largest group. Mr. Meighen, whose manifesto and speeches lacked nothing in definiteness or in disrespect for Mr. King, made it clear that he considered the Farmers his most formidable opponents; while, on the other hand, Mr. Crerar seldom referred to the Liberals. In his great Massey Hall speech in Toronto he did not once refer to Mr. King or his policies. Meanwhile the latter was conducting his campaign, and placing candidates in the field, even where prospects seemed to offer no hope. Then the turn came. The energy and devotion of Mr. Meighen could not stem the tide which bore Mr. King to victory and placed on his dutiful shoulders the mantle of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

The things that failed and the things that succeeded in the elections provoke certain reflections as they pass in review. The Conservative appeal to high protection failed. The busy little beaver would not be frightened into staying in his protected home from fear of annexation by the eagle's talons; he had too much of the spirit of the Canadian pioneers for that. In ten years the bogey of 1911 had ceased to be terrible.

Equally significant and no less satisfactory has been the failure of the soldier appeal. It was as citizens that our men went to the war, and it seems they wish to vote as citizens. While it would be a cause for regret if returned men did not receive their full share of honour in public life, it would be nothing less than a calamity if Canada should suffer, as did the United States after the Civil war, from the mass action of ex-service men.

Organized Labour, too, has failed to impress its claim for representation at Ottawa. Only two candidates have been elected in all the Provinces, Mr. Woodsworth in Centre Winnipeg and Mr. Irvine in Calgary East. Both men, strangely enough, were once ministers; both are fearless and able speakers; both idealists. The failure of organised Labour in Ontario is largely due to the failure of the leaders in the movement and the candidates themselves to be plain-spoken on the tariff and to get down to fundamentals. At Hamilton, which sends two Labour members to the Ontario House, the low tariff plank of the Labour platform was definitely renounced; and certain Labour leaders actually adorned Conservative and Liberal platforms throughout the Province. This had wide reactions. A careful

analysis of the returns will show that in Ontario the failure of the Progressives to win seats held in the Provincial House was largely due to the failure of the Labour Party to influence workmen in urban centres in favour of progressive policies.

But the most outstanding feature in the results is the tendency shown in this election to develop regional *blocs*. We have heard a good deal in recent years in criticism of group government. Could any form of group government be more dangerous to the unity of Canada than that which gives whole cities, or even whole provinces, over to one political creed? We cannot censure the cities and provinces for this; we censure rather those who have been so devoid of statesmanship as to force policies sectional in character, thus inviting reprisals.

The solid Western *bloc* supporting Mr. Crerar is the direct and natural result of the short-sighted policy of the Conservatives in 1911. The West asked for wider markets; the East refused its request. The refusal was followed by the crisis of 1913, and the widespread unemployment and distress of two succeeding years. The heart of the West was hardened.

Similarly with the Quebec *bloc*. Quebec asked that a promise as to conscription made both by Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier should not be withdrawn without an appeal to the people. A course regarded as reasonable in Australia could hardly be condemned as altogether unreasonable in Canada. Yet derision and opprobrium were heaped on Quebec. For twenty months of war and three years of peace French-speaking Quebec was politically ostracized. The natural result of this ostracism is a solid sixty-five from Quebec.

The great task of statesmanship which lies before Mr. King is to heal these wounds that have been opened in the body politic. No federation can prosper, or even exist permanently, if they are allowed to fester. The great opportunity for the Liberal party, which boasts itself a party of moderation, is so to honour claims for consideration under the constitution and so to adjust the requests of different industrial groups, that we shall in Canada once more realise a common interest and a common purpose. If we are to weather the financial storms that have gathered about us we must work as one. The man who can restore and foster a spirit of unity between city and country, between Ontario and Quebec on the one hand and Ontario and the West on the other hand, is the man of destiny.



### The Progress of the Guild Idea in Britain

**D**ESPITE ruthless opposition on the part of Government and private interest, the Guild movement in Great Britain shows a vitality that has impressed the minds of British workers.

Of the Guilds in being, the best known are the Building Guilds. Have they done economical and efficient work? Do they keep up the quality of the product, and do they possess the seeds of industrial self-government? The answer to the first of these questions can best be given in the words of Mr. S. G. Hobson, Secretary to the Manchester Building Guild. "In addition to the large scale contracts for municipal housing schemes, which we are now completing, we have private contracts for anything from a house at \$5,000 to a handsome house at \$10,000, together with jobbing and repair work, at the following places; Manchester, Altrincham, Wilmslow, the Potteries, Nottingham, Carlton, Wigan, Halifax (where we have taken over a small joinery works), Burnley, Bolton, Gloucester, Bristol, Rhymney Valley, Merthyr, Guildford, Glasgow and elsewhere.

"The Guildford work is in addition to that carried on by the London Guild Committee, which is now carrying on a large business as builders and decorators. At Wilmslow and Altrincham also the Guild has work in hand as decorators, and at Glasgow, apart from tendering for the \$1,000,000 housing scheme, the Guild has \$200,000 worth of other work in hand. In short, new contracts are smaller but more numerous, and we are starting a systematic canvass for every possible job."

In view of the appalling housing shortage in Britain, where investigation has revealed for example, that in Lewisham four people are often living in one room, that 67,000 houses are required in Glasgow, 50,000 in Manchester and proportionate numbers in smaller centres, there seems plenty of scope for the Guild's future operations; and if it is remembered that the Guilds are willing to build other necessary buildings as well as houses, one may conclude that, despite opposition, the Building Guilds are in Great Britain to stay.

In answer to the second question, it may be said that the Guilds can build even more cheaply than private enterprise. At Walthamstow four hundred houses built by the London Guild cost \$100,000 less than any private contractor's tender, an average of \$250 per house. On June 18th of this year a stone was laid at the site of the Walthamstow Council's houses to commemorate the fine work done by the Guild.

At Wigan the Borough Treasurer's return shows that on its work at Wigan the Guild has saved from \$165.00 to \$375.00 per house on its own estimates, which had been far below those of the private con-

tractors. In addition, it is expected that even greater savings will be made on contracts to be completed later, through the drop in price of building material, which, under the Guild's scheme, directly benefits the community. In Newcastle, the Guild's tender for 292 houses, including all street works and drains, was the lowest put in.

The questions regarding quality in output and industrial self-government have been effectively answered. On behalf of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, Mr. Ernest Selley enquired whether the Guilds were making good their claims, (a) that houses are being built better, more cheaply and faster by the Guilds than by private contractors; and (b) that industrial control by Guild workers is working successfully.

Mr. Selley is not connected with the Guild movement, and the value of his investigation is greatly increased by the fact that it was conducted in an impartial, if not a critical, spirit. Five of the Guild housing contracts were inspected, including schemes at Walthamstow and Greenwich, Walkden, Clayton and Weaste; information was obtained from foremen, architects, surveyors, borough councillors and members of housing committees, as well as from Guildsmen and others not in official positions.

Expert opinion was unanimous in approving the output on Guild building, some clerks of works estimating it at 25 per cent. above the average. The quality of the work had in no way been sacrificed to speed of output; the surveyor of the Bentley Urban Council considered the work to be "extra good and far superior to that done by any other contractors in the district." The work on the Clayton estate was said by officials of the Ministry of Health to be "the best in England and Wales."

The Scottish Board of Health in its second Annual Report state that they are watching the Guild Movement with keen interest. "Its great recommendation in our eyes," they say, "is that it gives Labour a real and personal interest in carrying out the work expeditiously and economically. In other contracts the great hindrance is the shortage of labour, but we are assured that in the contracts with which the Building Guilds are identified, all the labour necessary for the expeditious building of houses will be forthcoming, in view of the fact that Guilds are in a position to offer regular employment and payment for a full-time week regardless of weather."

Mr. Selley is satisfied that complete democratic control is made possible by the structure of the local committee and the central managing body. A man may be a bricklayer and a director at the one and same time. "The workmen," he says, "have displayed much sagacity in the selection of their representatives on the Board of Directors, and ten months experience has proved that an efficient Directorate

can be chosen from and selected by the rank and file." If any worker is found to be slacking, he may be dismissed, though he has the right to appeal to the Works Committee; but there have been very few cases of dismissal, and on every site visited, Mr. Selley was struck by the energy and enthusiasm with which the men were working.

The opposition to the work of the Guilds is becoming increasingly keen, first from the building trades employers and second from the Government. In the former case, the organized Master Builders are fighting tooth and nail to prevent the Guild securing contracts, and are exercising pressure upon the prospective customer, local authorities and the Government. For example, the Sunderland Master Builders' Federation refused to allow any of the local contractors to submit contracts for the erection of a certain number of homes, unless the local Guild was kept from tendering, and so compelled the withdrawal of an invitation to the Guild to tender on the work. Pressure has been exercised on other local authorities, and with similar results. The Ministry of Health yielded to the pressure of building employers and asked the Guilds to tender on a lump-sum-payment contract, which would have meant placing them on the same profit-making basis as the private builder. Later, it refused, and it still refuses, to sanction contracts made by local authorities with the Guild.

At Tredegar, Monmouthshire, the Local Guild had a contract to build one hundred houses. The Ministry of Health instructed the local authority to ask for tenders for another one hundred and fifty houses on the same site with an intimation that no Guild tender would be considered. This has occurred in several other cases, and the explanation offered by the Minister of Health in the House of Commons was that the Guild principle of payment for time lost through sickness, bad weather, etc. attracts the best of the craftsmen to its ranks and creates unfair competition with the Building Employers. The Guilds ironically contrast this treatment with the treatment given to private contractors at Roehampton where contracts let had been cancelled, and the contractors received \$200 for every unbuilt house.

The organized opposition of Government and employers has compelled the Guilds to revise their policy, in so far as building for the community alone is concerned. At a meeting held in Manchester on July 23rd, the Local Guilds were amalgamated and the National Building Guild, Limited, established. The new constitution provides a thoroughly democratic form of administration and finance. Local committees have power to make contracts up to \$2,500, Regional Councils up to \$10,000, and beyond that the National Board must give its sanction as the body ultimately responsible for finance. The Board will also provide for, and administer, the



common fund which guarantees the Guildsmen's continuous pay. The National Board accepted the "maximum sum contract" and the Guild Labour contract as the principles on which future business shall be done.

Under the maximum sum contract the Guild estimates the cost of the work (labour and materials), adds ten per cent. for service charges, and offers the total as the maximum sum that the customer will have to pay. If the cost works above this estimate, the Guild bears the loss. If below it, the Guild claims five per cent. of the savings, to be retained for its contingency and local funds, and the rest of the saving goes to the customer, who is charged only the actual cost including establishment, insurance, and maintenance for Guild workers.

The Guild is now, in almost all cases, working below its estimate; and the risk of loss is therefore not a very serious danger. A small percentage is included as insurance against risk in the maximum for all contracts.

The example of the Building Guild has proved contagious, and a Furnishing and Furniture Guild has been established at Manchester. A recent manifesto states that it will take offices and workshops, direct work to be done, and open an account in the name of trustees who must be members of the Trade Union connected with the Guild. To the Furniture workers the movement will mean (says the manifesto) that the entire cost of maintaining the worker (including sickness and holidays) will be a first charge on the industry, and that all middlemen between the actual user and producer will be eliminated. The Guild expects to sell furniture and furnishings at 10 to 50 per cent. less than prevailing prices.

The Guild of Clothiers (London), Ltd. is now definitely at work in London. Its organization is based on the same principles of complete democratic control and production without profit, as exist in the Building Guild.

An Agricultural Guild has been established at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, and is undertaking the big job of developing the agricultural belt round Welwyn Garden City. Cattle have been purchased with a view to forming a herd; market gardening is being developed, and fruit trees planted; special up-to-date dairy equipment is being installed and first-class milk will be supplied to Welwyn consumers.

Lea Valley Co-operative Nursery, organized on Guild lines, has just completed a successful season, and is now considering the purchase of a well equipped nursery garden.

The movement has now reached Ireland, and an Irish Guild of Builders has been formed in Dublin, with the full backing of the Trade Union Organizations. Mr. Geo. W. Russell (better known as *Æ*, and the most prominent figure in the Irish Agricultural Co-operative Movement) writes: "I hasten to

express my delight at hearing that the Building Trades Unions in Ireland are uniting to form a Guild of Builders. For many years I have thought the emancipation of labour could be brought about more speedily by the workers transforming their unions into Co-operative Productive Societies or Guilds of Workers. If the Urban Unions can create Co-operative Guilds controlling in the interest of the workers the industries in which they are engaged, we will bring about a harmony of economic policy in Ireland and may have a co-operative commonwealth in being there, while those who work on other lines elsewhere may still be talking about it."

Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Confederation of Great Britain, states that the miners' aim is a National Mining Guild. The Union of Post-office Workers at their last annual conference held in Edinburgh carried a resolution committing them to the establishment of a Post-office Guild as their objective. The general secretary of the Boilermakers' Society, Mr. John Hill, calls on the shipbuilding trades to prepare for the creation of a Shipbuilding Guild.

So spreads the Guild Idea, vigorously propagated by a group of Guildsmen who make an honest attempt to square their theories with the facts. They hold the creed of Mr. Harry Frankland, President of the National Building Guild, Limited, who says: "We are planning that the citizen who is already politically enfranchised shall, by the democratizing of his trade, become industrially enfranchised and so attain real and true freedom. That is our aim. Nothing less will satisfy us."

JAMES T. GUNN.

### Progress and Measurement

IN their attractive "Proposed Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain," the Webbs—most constructive and most assiduous of all Fabians—proposed, as the cornerstone of successful democracy, "the deliberate intensification of the searchlight of Measurement and Publicity." Every institution and every activity in their Commonwealth is to be subjected to "the acid test of comparative statistics," through an application of the guiding principle of Measurement which they define as "the determination of kind and valuation of quality as well as mere quantitative enumeration." It is the statistical bureau which is to be their safeguard against bureaucracy no less than against capitalism. Their exposition of the socialised, statisticalised state finishes on the Fabian note: "We want to get rid of the stuffiness of private interest which now infects our institutions and to usher in the reign of Measurement and Publicity."



The progress of our civilisation may be fairly measured by the progress of scientific measurement—in the reduction of forces and powers to tables, of tendencies and "behaviours" to graphs, of occurrences and transaction to charts. Psychology, economics, accountancy, and analytical chemistry are the characteristic sciences of our day. Statistics (most unmusical of words) has become the key profession of our civilisation. Every material and human action, reaction, and transaction is subjected to investigation, analysis, and chartification.

From the cradle to the grave (or rather from the Municipal Maternity Hospital to the Civic Cemetery) our actions and our activities are coming to be ruled by the rule of scientific measurement. Whether, indeed, we shall be born at all or not is becoming a matter of eugenic research and scientific birth-control. Nativity having been conceded and the statistics of birth registration having been duly entered, transmitted, and tabulated at the local Registry Office and Government Vital Statistics Branch, the newest "unit of society" is weighed, "sounded," and "charted" by the Public Health Nurse who prescribes a scientific diet of tabulated chemical constituents, estimated in grammes and calories, and periodically revised on the basis of renewed weighings, soundings, and chartings. If any arrant individualist should question the necessity of this public control of babyhood he will be confronted by appalling tables and charts from the Vital Statistics Bureau of the Board of Health, revealing in unanswerable fashion "the actual figures formerly and now."

The vitality of the new unit having thus been publicly insured on the basis of scientific measurement, his education next becomes a question, not for his affectionate but unscientific parents, but for the public experts. The psychologist has charted the precise period and manner of emergence of the child's "instincts and capacities," and the pedagogic specialist has elaborated a corresponding chart of the educational activities and environmental stimuli calculated to evoke and develop these awakening psychic functions at the estimated period and to the calculated degree. If the standardised Mental Efficiency Tests of the newest school reveal through the data of their mental mensuration that the child's psychology is subnormal, abnormal, supernormal, or "not quite normal," he is assigned to the appropriate "auxiliary class", that he may not be exposed to the stimulation of superior, or to the retardation of inferior, mentalities.

The education thus scientifically initiated is never permitted to escape from the bounds and metes of expert regulation. Specialised curricula, quantitative credits, units and unit-hours, plus and minus grades, define its course and assess its progress from the kindergarten to the graduate school. The Recorder's Office has become the heart, nay the very

soul, of many of our colleges, binding instructors as well as students to its organised and statistical control. The process of education may, indeed, not unfairly, be regarded as a sort of cyclic progress from the cutting and pasting of coloured figures in kindergarten to the conversion into the same graphic figures of the statistical results of the scientific measurements in the research laboratory.

It might be expected that the child whose education is thus scientifically determined and infinitely regulated would at least be left to his own sweet, if wayward, will during his playtime. But the serious intentness and investigating diligence of our civilisation has not overlooked recreation. On the contrary, it has discovered the "scientific value of play", and seriously set about its organisation and direction. And lo! in our cities expertly designed community playgrounds with standardised equipments have replaced the old fashioned common and back-lots on which the now extinct "scrub games" once flourished. A new profession has arisen, the Playground Supervisor and the Director of Recreation (save the mark!). The registered youngster reports at the prescribed hour, is assigned to his prescribed group, and proceeds to engage in his prescribed recreations; each lad, having been anthropometrically charted, is placed in his proper age and weight classification and, according to a code of heights, distances, and times, as intricate as an actuarial table, he strives for points, duly recorded in the supervisor's card index file.

In the field of organised Boys' Work (the designation "work" is well justified by the seriousness of its exponents) an elaborate series of Standard Efficiency Tests has been evolved, by which the fourfold development—physical, mental, social, and spiritual—of the lad is governed through prescribed exercises and "activities" in each of the respective "sides of his character", and registered by a schedule of points and credits, with corresponding badges and certificates. And thus the boy by "taking thought" adds to his stature, periodically examining his fourfold self, and duly registering the notches of attainment.

Nor is this "sportometry" confined to the civic playground or the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. The baseball, football, athletic, and horse-racing statisticians have created a new and expanding profession, and the fan gloats over analyses, averages, percentages, and diagrams. In the United States where the Athletic dopestier is peculiarly honored, the glitter of the diamond is reflected in R.H.E. columns and 3-place decimals, and the glow of the gridiron is reproduced in parallelograms, plotted curves, crosses, and ciphers. Each player's "record" is as carefully and completely compiled as a ledger account. And the football season concludes with the super-sport of comparing and combining the year's statistics, in order to "dope out" the "Mythical Eleven."

The modern youth who, having thus been scienti-

fically directed and periodically measured in his diet, education, and recreation, arrives at the point of entering on the business of life again finds the scientific adviser at his service. The vocational psychometrist stands ready to apply his manifold tests, to re-chart his body, mind, and soul, to mensurate his capacities, to assess his potentialities, and arrange his proclivities in order of magnitude. The Webbs, anticipating the nationalisation of the vocation of vocational direction, portray the time when "we may visualise these (Joint Vocational) Boards working under the searchlight of Measurement and Publicity, emanating not only from statistical departments, but also from research laboratories of psychologists and biometrical workers, engaged in the investigation of all possible methods of discovering and testing human character and capacity".

Having thus been vocationally directed into his scientifically ascertained field and plot of labour or business the aspiring youth now enters the higher stages of the Rule of the Rule. If he becomes a member of a Trade Union his output as well as his actions are governed by Union Rules, by uniform maxima of effort and minima of remuneration. Expert agents must be specially employed to elaborate the complicated scales or "lists" of piecework rates and contingent regulations. The labour efficiency methods of the management experts have been met by the wage efficiency methods of the union business agents. The old working rule of "A Fair Day's Work for a Fair Day's Wage" has been superseded, through the conflicting applications of scientific measurement, by a system under which one party seeks to make remuneration precisely commensurate with output, while the other insists on measuring it by units of time, time-and-a-half, and double-time. The worker has more than met the employer on his own ground in estimating labor as a marketable commodity. If our youth enters the administrative side of the industry he approaches the apotheosis of statistics in scientific management, efficiency engineering, and cost accounting, where every turn of a wheel, every movement of an employee, every sub-process of operation is reduced to symbols, decimals, and graphs. Here our citizen may reach the climax of modern attainment by becoming an efficiency expert.

Having now fully entered into the mensurated realm of organised adult life, our friend becomes increasingly conscious of the laws and calculations governing his actions, reactions, and transactions. The economists having taught him to estimate the satisfaction of his wants and desires in terms of marginal utilities, his purchases are accompanied by mental figurations of curves of Consumers' Surplus. The psychologists having furnished him with experimentally derived explanations of the phenomena and even the eccentricities of his "behaviour", he

observes himself acting in accordance with the urgency of his "dispositions" and the weakness of his "inhibitions". Determinism rather than determination governs his conduct in a perfectly accountable way.

When our citizen of the near future approaches the stage of matrimony, the anthropometrist, the psychometrist, and the sociologist must again be called in, for the scientific determination of the physical, psychical, and sociological compatibility of the couple. It is only a matter of accelerated "progress" until these experts will be able to expedite their findings by reference to "laboratoriously" evolved tables of "co-respondence."

Finally our oft-measured citizen having reproduced his eugenically determined offspring (and started them upon the mensurated life) dissolves his corporate identity at an age and in a manner duly pre-estimated by actuarial calculation.

Thus it appears that the progress of our civilisation may be fairly measured by the progress of measurement. We have progressed from the comparatively static life of the mediaeval age to the statistical order of the twentieth century. We have progressed from the crude ascription of First Causes to the studied and elaborated estimation of secondary and multiple intermediate causes; from loose generalities to infinitely refined quantitative and qualitative specifications. We have learned to analyse, classify, and evaluate every material, social, and individual phenomenon, to express life in tables and character in graphic charts.

It can be abundantly claimed that we have accomplished much that is desirable and prevented much that is prejudicial through the development of the statistical art. Our economic system would collapse without this finely adjusted control. The peril is, however, that we become systematised by our own system and cease to be the rulers of our own rule, that in calculating the distant decimals we should lose sight of the great Round Numbers. Our analytical achievements far outstrip our synthetical attainments; our specialisation outruns our integration. The intensification of the introspective tends to obscure the perspective. In concentrating upon the mechanism we may neglect the motive force itself. The full, balanced personality may be thwarted by too much regulation of its "factors." In calculating the units too closely we mar the unities.

It is not altogether without significance that the head of the leading statistical organisation of America should have recently turned his attention from statistical methods and results to the meaning and place of religion, from the measurement to the interpretation of life; and that he should have arrived at the conclusion that human action is governed ultimately, not by statistical or merely prudential calculations, but by the great emotions. The spon-

taneous is not always blind or perverse; neither is the prudential invariably perspicuous or true.

Perhaps, after all, man is an instrument to be attuned rather than a machine to be regulated. Perhaps, after all, our achievement of the specialisation and mensuration of life is not wholly an advance from the Greeks' conception of the harmony and symmetry of life. Perhaps it is not merely a rhetorical question that the Nazarene uttered when, looking down from the hillside at the anxious multitude, he asked them: "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" Perhaps we have been taking too much thought of our progress, and given too little scope for the growth that comes by "silent sympathy". Perhaps the Sage of Chelsea expressed the "Characteristics" of our own day even more than of his own, when, noting that "unhealthy state of self-sentience and self-survey," he wrote: "That intellect do march if possible at double quick time is very desirable: nevertheless why should she turn round at every stride and cry, 'See what a stride I have taken?'" Perhaps after all the truest insight comes, not from dissection and measurement, but, as the Poet at Tintern Abbey perceived, from exposure to

"That serene and blessed mood  
In which the affections gently lead us on,

While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deeper power of joy,  
We see into the life of things."

There is probably no people in whom the emotional and the prudential have been so beneficently blended as in the Scottish race. Every true Scot is part Burns and part Carnegie. And the favorite psalm of the Scottish people, and the most universal psalm of human life, is that imperishable Hebrew poem, metricalised by the old Duke of Argyle,—

Unto the hills around will I  
Lift up my longing eyes.

That longing is as eternal as the everlasting hills themselves. Our urban civilisation would shut off the hills and exclude the blue sky, but the human spirit may still seek its highlands. The more we are constrained to live in a world of figures and figuration, the greater grows the need to resort to the mount of transfiguration. We have been measuring with too small a scale, we need the Bigger Rule. Life is more than the meat. And man is mightier than his meter.

H. S. PATTEN.



## Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

### Canadian Authors Association

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:—

Your words of approbation on the subject of "Canadian Authors' Week", which I have just read, are interesting both for the extreme kindness, and for the extreme reluctance, with which they were written. In fact, the reluctance is the measure of the kindness. The difficulty which you find (and which I can readily understand) in approving of any "violent method of publicity" makes it the more gratifying that you are able to approve of this particular method at all.

May I, however, venture to make one point which will possibly mitigate your difficulty—since it may be that we shall have to invoke your sympathy once more for another "Canadian Authors' Week" in 1922?

That point is the fact that your concluding sentence states so precisely the spirit in which the propaganda for the "Week" is being carried on by the writers and speakers who are working with and for the Canadian Authors' Association, that it might very well have been used for a motto for the campaign.

"Sales of books", you say, "whatever temporary satisfaction they bring, are ultimately fruitless unless enlightened interest is behind them, and enlightened interest cannot be created in a week."

"Enlightened interest" is exactly what the Canadian Authors Association is seeking to create by means of this "Week." For enlightened interest must be preceded by attention, and we are very strongly of the opinion that the Canadian author does not receive from the Canadian public the attention which, in proportion to his merits, he deserves. Attention is a thing for which there is more competition, in this age, than for anything else; for the time in which a man can pay attention, and therefore the amount of it that he can pay, is the one thing which has not been, and is not likely to be, enlarged by modern invention. The author, of any country, has to compete with the automobile, the movies and the phonograph, three very new rivals. But the Canadian author, for reasons partly geographical and partly not, has also to compete for the attention of a public extraordinarily preoccupied with the literary output of other countries.



We want the Canadian public to give more than attention. We want it to give enlightened interest, and ultimately intelligent and competent judgment, expressed by the absolutely efficient means of the purchase of good Canadian books and the refusal to purchase bad ones. But we begin by trying to arrest its attention. With the help of a vigorous literary criticism (in which the CANADIAN FORUM will bear a hand), the rest will follow

Yours, etc., B. K. SANDWELL.

### Bible Knowledge

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:—

I picked up the November number of THE FORUM last evening, and commenced to read at the beginning. In your opening editorial you attribute to the Apostle Paul the saying that the tongue is an unruly member, and should be controlled with bit and bridle. As a matter of fact, the Apostle James, in his epistle, wrote a whole chapter on the tongue, and therein used the identical expression which you attribute to the Apostle Paul. I have never noticed it in any of the latter's Epistles, and I would be glad if, in your next number, you would give the exact reference in St. Paul's Epistles. This is not a quotation competition, and therefore there is no prize to be gained; it is simply a quest for information.

Yours, etc., E. DOUGLAS ARMOUR.

26th November, 1921.

[*Touché!* Ed.]

### Artists and Authors

THE Canadian Authors Association has just completed its Book Week. There is a suspicion abroad that the number of people who derive any real satisfaction from contemplating this event in retrospect is very small. Of course, certain results have been achieved. The problem of Christmas presents has been somewhat lightened. More than that, we now know by heart the names of all the Canadian authors and run over the list in bed at night before dropping off to sleep, with the result that we awake next morning purged of pity and fear, and see things more clearly than we did a few days ago. Our verdict must be that the Canadian Authors Association has made a shockingly bad start from which it will take it a long time to recover.

The situation is broadly this. Canadians have an instinctive or acquired desire for a literature. This desire probably dates back to the early days of Carman and Lampman when there was a gentle but genuine wave of inspiration in Canadian poetry. One still meets people of middle years who have a real love for the literary associations of those times

to the great perplexity of others who did not share that early enthusiasm. For to most of us to-day who are willing to be candid that early fragrant bloom was nipped in the bud, so that after forty years we have very little to show.

But our desire for a literature does not restrict itself to those purer aspirations of a few. It allies itself to a desire for reading matter at any cost, cheap novels rather than no novels, anything to kill time in a street-car. This is the most ineradicable narcotic of our modern life. Canada shares it with the rest of the western world. It has more of a physiological than a mental relation to good writing, but it uses the same outward medium and the two are continually getting confused. The narcotic of cheap writing is a marketable ware and hence there is a potential market for the best writing too. The publisher lives by the narcotic but he tones it wherever he can by an admixture of good writing.

What is clearly needed under these conditions—we have the sound example of older lands before us—is some means of distinguishing the chaff from the grain. The publisher would have everything to gain by this, for he retains his old public of spiritual “dope-fiends” and sees ahead of him a growing body of critical readers. But, above all, it would help the cause of Canadian literature, which flounders at present between the English and United States book-markets, as between the devil and the deep sea, and has not yet found its feet. It has achieved something, but not enough to be sure of itself and its traditions.

We cannot say yet of any Canadian book that it expresses the strength and character of the Canadian people as the great living writers of England and France, Anatole France and Thomas Hardy, express their countries. We have hardly a book that remotely expresses us, whether it be verse or prose. Let a foreigner go to England and say “Show me some books that express the soul of your land today”. He will be directed to *The Dynasts* and *The Dawn in Britain* and *The Everlasting Mercy* and he may then gird up his loins and give his nights and days to literature. But he will say at the end, “Yes, that is as big as your country, perhaps bigger”. We have nothing in Canada which we can put in the hands of the visitor from Mars and say, “Read that if you want to know what we are like.” But instead of facing the fact resolutely and sublimating it into an ideal for every young aspirant in letters to look up to, we belittle the noble words of poetry and literature in order to flatter ourselves that all is well and to abandon ourselves to an orgy of mutual congratulation.

The Canadian Authors Association, far from setting resolutely about the task of remedying this undesirable condition, has made it distinctly worse. It has confused its own interests with those of the publishers in a manner which in the long run is





DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE

BY

A. J. CASSON

detrimental to both. It has, tacitly at least, endorsed that low standard of literary merit which is comfortable to every Canadian who possesses a fountain-pen. Instead of helping our infant literature to grow from small to larger on a severe diet, which being a healthy infant it is strong enough to stand, it nurses the baby continually, passing it from hand to hand with no thought of letting it crawl and ultimately walk.

With thoughts of the Canadian Authors Association in mind it is perhaps profitable to consider the sister case of the Royal Canadian Academy now exhibiting. In saying "the sister case" we are merely accepting the Classical parentage of the Muses. The sisters have very little in common. Canadian art and Canadian literature are in opposite case. We like to think that we have a literature, and we wince under criticism of it. We have no instinctive or traditional desire for native art and we can hear it condemned without turning a hair. We know the names of the Canadian authors far better than those of the artists. How many Canadian school-boys have failed to hear of Lampman and Carman? But how many Canadian school-boys have heard of the much more important names of Morrice and Thomson? Our tradition does not direct our minds to art and we only think of it when we are prodded. That is one point of difference and perhaps the most important. We are over-conscious of our literature and under-conscious of our art. We have become over-conscious of our literature by lowering our standards till we find everything good which we readily understand. Being still under-conscious of our art we find everything bad which we do *not* readily understand. To literature we re-act in an unhealthily positive way; to art we re-act negatively, being chiefly conscious of our dislikes and, at most, mildly tolerant of the rest.

Another point of difference is that, as there is no demand for cheap pictures as a narcotic, there is no potential market for the artist. There is a small picture trade, chiefly in imported or pseudo-imported works, but it is impossible to imagine the Canadian picture-dealers combining to put on a Canadian Art Week on the lines of the Book Week. For if it were a success it would ruin their business for the rest of the year, the kind of picture upon which they thrive being mainly incompatible with the native product.

On the score of achievement the difference is even more marked. Canadian literature has been a series of disappointments after a fair promise; Canadian painting has shown a steady growth. Our visitor from Mars who comes and says, "Show me the books that express you," might be answered with, "We hardly have the books yet but there are pictures and sculptures which you must see. They don't express us yet fully, but we have got something of ourselves into them without knowing how or why."

For it certainly seems today as if Canada, in contrast with both England and the U.S.A., was finding her real expression in painting and sculpture. There are some who believe that the Battlefields Memorial of W. S. Allward will establish that fact internationally.

Now if there is any vestige of truth in all this, educated Canadians should turn their thoughts to it. One could wish no fairer fate to any nation than the power to recognise its natural direction of growth and to foster that growth healthily. If we are finding expression in painting and sculpture it is profoundly important that the largest possible number of people be aware of the fact betimes and help to build up a healthy tradition of support and criticism.

The official body which is expected to guard the roots of this tradition is the Royal Canadian Academy. One wonders in what light it regards its charge. Its chief public act is to exhibit annually in Toronto or Montreal. To judge by the present exhibition the Academy has the same dangerous bias as the Canadian Authors Association; it is tolerant to the point of being nondescript. It is impossible that anyone should acquire the beginnings of sound judgment in art from an exhibition like the present, which contains work of high merit, both in figure and landscape, alongside of works which no academy has any business to accept at all. The would-be student of art—the very person who needs to be encouraged—is absolutely at a loss before such a mixture of results. He cannot side with the younger generation against the old or vice-versa for there are grave offenders in both camps. The Academy is no more a guide to good painting than a public library is a guide to good literature.

If the Academy has any duty towards the public it must be primarily the duty of educating opinion and settling a resolute standard. It must begin at home, and, regardless of what academies have done elsewhere, try to present to the public a carefully weeded selection of current work. The Academy will first have to deal severely with itself—for its choice of members seems to have taken place on a very irrational basis. The large canvas, No. 16, in the present exhibition makes one doubt the sincerity of the Academy altogether; one does not wish to think of it as a gang of genial conspirators pledged to the scratching of one another's backs. And yet a case could be made for such a view. And one may ask further whether the Academy has any business to exhibit virtually the same picture year after year by the same artist. One of the few advantages derived from the general separation of artist from dealer in Canada is that the pot-boiler is less in evidence. The Academy should do all it can to preserve that condition. If an artist paints the same team of horses year in and year out in the same way, he is quite within his rights, but the Academy should

not associate itself with so purely reproductive an activity.

The Academy should further take in hand, the very important matter of newspaper criticism and endeavour to secure in our dailies and weeklies a place for competent opinion. No artist respects our current criticism; it has become—with hardly an exception—a standing joke. But he reads it because it is read by thousands and is therefore of practical importance. Every sincere artist must go through that slightly humiliating experience each time an exhibition is held. It cannot go on for ever; and if the Academy really cared about thoughtful opinion, no matter where it led, it could wield effective influence in a very short time. One could certainly name three or four competent critics in Toronto who could be counted upon to write regular art criticism for our newspapers that would be consistent and penetrating and therefore instructive, instead of merely stupid. One might suggest the names of James Mavor, Percy Robinson, J. J. R. MacLeod. These and a similar trio in Montreal could build up a sound body of opinion in a very few years and do the country an inestimable service.

Indeed, there is much that the Academy could do towards making a healthy tradition if it would only wake up out of its lethargy and give some sign of being a really progressive body. The Authors Association has furnished it with an object-lesson in what not to do, but it has at least shown energy. The Academy rolls over in its sleep once a year and beholds that all is well—with its digestion. Both our art and our literature need the same thing, without which they cannot thrive—a background of critical appreciation on the part of the public. It is for the initiated to act. The Authors Association has just made a wrong move. It will recover, no doubt, and make a right move next time. During its convalescence there will be a chance for the guardians of Canadian art to show their hand.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

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## In The Night

That was a day of dismal weather,  
Thawing and freezing both together,  
Beneath a sky so low and grey  
The very hens had hid away  
With that dull, pessimistic air  
Only disgusted hens can wear.  
At eight there fell a pelting rain;  
At nine I left for home again,  
And as I left the glowing door  
The darkness drenched me to the core.  
The wind struck at me like a hand  
Immense and wet; I could not stand,  
But staggered down the path; my stick,  
Seeking for foothold, sank in thick,  
Deep, clinging mud that like a sea  
Flowed to the path to swallow me.  
The darkness like a dripping rag  
Clung to my eyes and made me lag  
For fear of what my face might touch;  
A bough snatched with inhuman clutch.  
A cry rose out of every tree;  
Only their shouting mournfully,  
Thrashing unseen against the sky,  
Betrayed them as I stumbled by;  
They were the wind's loud tongues of pain.  
A crow beat past me in the rain;  
I only heard him croak in fear,  
Blown topsy-turvy somewhere near,  
Beaten in his own realm of air.  
I wondered as I struggled there  
What little birds did in the storm  
Without their shelter close and warm.  
There was no peace for living thing  
In all the night's mad rioting,  
And little birds and beasts and I  
Cowered beneath the unseen sky  
And sought for refuge where we might.  
I struggled on, first left, then right,  
Guided by clumps of moaning trees  
Which ages since, it seemed, the breeze  
Had sung through softly day by day  
As I went tramping down that way.  
The track crept on, a tangled walk,  
Through sodden, waist-high clover-stalk,  
And ended on a sudden pitch  
That slid me groping to a ditch.  
Knee-deep with rain and melting snow,  
Gathered from three long miles or so  
Of muddy road, it sought the hill.  
I wallowed there, beslimed and chill,  
Yet dimly glad to end the track,  
For, though deep-rutted, steep and black  
Beneath great beeches, torn by rain,  
The road led on both wide and plain.  
  
I scrambled out on it to hear  
Voices, and someone standing near

Gave light from an electric torch.  
 It was as welcome as a porch  
 With wide-flung door and fires within;  
 The voices seemed a merry din  
 Made by a jovial company,  
 Though in the dark I could but see  
 Three shapes whose words were borne away  
 Like dead leaves on a autumn day.  
 They waited—without face or eyes,  
 Three posts in sodden draperies—  
 In the faint halo of the light.  
 I joined them stumbling; such a night  
 Had banished need for speech or form.  
 The shouting power of the storm,  
 Intent but on its frantic will,  
 Indifferent if it should kill  
 The crouching lives upon its path,  
 Drew us together in its wrath.  
 The cold reserve which crowding men  
 Have raised between them fell again  
 And child-like, or like cronies grey,  
 We wordless joined and took the way.  
 Yet who they were I could not guess,  
 Perceiving only from their dress  
 Two women and a boy, no more.  
 As they went trudging on before  
 The flashlight's circle only showed  
 Their feet upon the miry road,  
 Slipping and tripping as they sank.  
 The clogging skirt hems, stained and dank,  
 Vanished in darkness; from the knee  
 Their bodies shifted mistily.  
 They wavered onward, vague, unknown,  
 Unreal shadows, strangely lone,  
 As if no human tongue could reach  
 Across the darkness shrouding each.  
 They were like ghosts with human feet,  
 Yet plodding on beneath the beat  
 Of wind and rain they seemed to me  
 Nearer than flesh and blood could be.  
 Except their shades I saw no thing  
 Beyond the flashlight's melting ring.  
 The moving patch of feeble light,  
 Our boots, the rain-drops flashing bright  
 Out of the dark, to break and gleam  
 A moment on the miry stream,  
 The puddles gleaming grey, then gone,  
 The stones, were all we looked upon,  
 And all our thought was bounded there.  
 The world beyond, the sky, the air  
 Shrieking about us without cease  
 Among the tossing, crying trees,  
 Were phantom things beyond our sight,  
 Viewless and sinister with might,  
 But scarcely touching mind, immense  
 And beating dully on our sense.

We trudged on doggedly a while

Then, somewhat farther than a mile,  
 The road Mackenzie's rebels took  
 Poured on to ours a muddy brook.  
 Then curving slow down School House Hill  
 We slipped and stumbled on until  
 We reached the flats and in a space  
 Saw old man Whitton's slaughter-place.  
 His lights came shining through the rain  
 And raised our weary hearts again  
 More cheerily than any star;  
 Up Birrell's Hill and to the car  
 Was but a stretch of good paved road.  
 Laughing and talking now we strode,  
 The best of friends, familiar, free,  
 Like boys returning from a spree.  
 The last dark bit of road was topped;  
 Here in the midst of light we stopped  
 And at the noise and ways of men  
 Old custom took us once again,  
 And with a nod beneath a light  
 We parted with a bare good-night.

H. K. GORDON.

### The P. B. I.

or

### Mademoiselle of Bully Grenay

#### IV.

Three weeks have elapsed since the troops were last in Bully-Grenay but once again they are back in the village and once again Number Sixteen Platoon is billeted in the Café de la Paix.

It is about three o'clock on a bright sunny afternoon.

Hawkins, Mike, Willie and Oley are squatted in the centre of the court-yard, shooting dice on a rubber ground-sheet. Hawkins is facing the estaminet and Oley the barn. Willie is opposite the road-gate and Mike is opposite Willie. Duke, Jarge and other troops are watching the game while Abel is still snoozing on his reserved bench in front of the barn. Percy and Julie are sitting side by side in front of the estaminet, flitting most outrageously. The troops start to sing.

#### Troops:

O mademoiselle of Bully-Grenay, parlez-vous,  
 O mademoiselle of Bully-Grenay, parlez-vous,  
 O mademoiselle of Bully-Grenay  
 She hasn't been kissed for many a day,  
 With a hinky-pinky parlez-vous.

*Mike.* Come on, you fellows. Carry on with the game. I want to collect a little of that wad of money Oley has lifted off me.

Mike takes up the bones.

*Mike.* Here's for sudden death. I'm putting up my shirt. Come seven, come eleven, got to buy baby a pair of boots. Come on, little Phoebe, my Lackawanna girl, you that kept me out of the poor-house all last winter.

Mike rolls the dice and everybody bends over to see the result. Mike gets up with a look of resigned but unutterable disgust.



*Mike.* Broke to the wide. Napoo fini.

*Oley.* All de same Serbia.

*Mike.* Oley, that's five hundred francs of my hard-earned kale you've collected.

*Oley.* I ban lucky.

*Mike.* You ban too damn lucky. You never lose. . . . Well boys, I'm out of the game. The padre says he'll not lend me another franc.

The troops resume the game of dice while Mike mournfully sings.

*Mike:*

I've lost my rusty Ross rifle,  
My bayonet and oily pull-through,  
I lost my 'mergency rations,  
I lost my mess-tin, too,  
I lost the pay-book they gave me,  
I lost the pay that I drew,  
I lost my hold-all and now  
I've got damn all,  
When we stand-to.

Willie gets up from the game.

*Willie.* Oley has taken away all my money, fellows.

*Duke.* If you wish, I'll stake you for a fresh start, Willie.

*Willie.* No thanks, Duke, I couldn't take a chance on losing money I didn't own.

Willie disconsolately leans against the wall, turning his pockets inside out in the vain hope of finding a stray coin.

*Hawkins.* I'm blinkin' well stony-broke too.

The sergeant comes in by the road-gate. Over his shoulder is hung a mail-sack of parcels and in his hand he is carrying a dozen or so letters.

*Sergeant.* Mail up, boys.

*Hawkins.* Hoo'raiy.

The troops rush up and form an expectant ring around the sergeant, with the exception of Abel who never gets any letters. Even Percy jumps up and unceremoniously deserts Julie. The sergeant drops the parcel-sack on the ground and proceeds to issue the letters, thumbing them over one by one and shouting the names as he hands them out.

*Sergeant.* Private Herbert Hawkins.

*Hawkins.* O lor'lumme.

*Sergeant.* Lance-corporal Percy Wilkins . . .

Percy . . . Percy . . . Percy . . . Percy.

*Duke.* Percy, Percy, a whole flock of scented feminine missives.

*Julie.* O mon dieu.

Julie petulantly stamps into Suzanne's shop.

*Duke.* Poor old Julie.

*Sergeant.* Private Jarge King.

*Sergeant.* Private Duke Meredith.

*Sergeant.* Private Jock . . .

The sergeant suddenly checks himself as he realizes whose name he is reading. He crosses to one of the tables, marks the envelope "Killed in Action" and then distributes the three remaining letters amid a hushed and solemn silence. Willie

has been watching the letters come out with hopeful and wistful expectation. As the last one is issued, he gulps down a lump in his throat.

*Willie.* Isn't there a letter for Willie Simpson, sergeant?

*Sergeant.* No, Willie, not even a field-postcard. But probably there will be a parcel for you.

The Sergeant opens the canvas mail-sack.

*Sergeant.* Parcel for Hawkins.

*Hawkins.* Lor'luve a duck.

Hawkins carries his parcel over to the table and rips off the wrappings while the sergeant carries on with the distribution of the mail.

*Sergeant.* Players' cigarettes for you, Duke.

*Sergeant.* And a box of Laura Secord chocolates for Percy.

*Sergeant.* And a copy of Punch for Duke.

Hawkins now has his parcel untied.

*Hawkins.* Good old Pansy 'Enrietta . . . 'Ere's where 'Erbert 'Awkins tummy gets somethin' dainty for to eat.

All the troops gather around to see what Hawkins is going to produce from his parcel. He opens the lid of the box and a look of the most indescribable disgust appears on his face.

*Hawkins.* Lor'lumme.

He plunges his hand into the box and fishes out a tin of bully-beef.

*Hawkins.* Bully-beef!

Hawkins angrily hurls the bully on the ground. Abel immediately pounces on it, carries it into the estaminet and soon emerges with a mess-tin full of beer. Hawkins again explores the depths of his parcel and this time his face is wreathed in smiles as he produces a pair of knitted grey socks.

*Hawkins.* Good old Maggie Jane . . . One of my blinkin' old socks wore out last week . . .

Hawkins puts one sock in his tunic pocket.

*Hawkins.* And the other is just what I needs for a balaclaver.

Hawkins rolls the second sock over his head as an ear-protector and replaces his forage-cap on top of it. He then fishes out a couple of paper packets of Player's cigarettes from his parcel.

*Hawkins.* Good old H'alice Pearl.

Hawkins immediately lights up one of his fags.

*Willie.* Is that other parcel for Willie Simpson, sergeant?

*Sergeant.* We'll see, Willie.

Sergeant hauls the last parcel out of the sack and studies the address.

*Sergeant.* Sorry, Willie . . . It's not.

Willie drifts listlessly over to the bench in front of the estaminet and sits down, looking very homesick and forlorn. Hawkins crosses to him with a packet of Players.

*Hawkins.* Have a fag, Willie?

*Willie.* No thank you, Herbert, I don't smoke.

Percy goes up to Willie and extends his box of Laura Secords.

*Percy.* Have some Laura Secords, Willie?

*Willie.* Thank you, Percy.

Duke also wanders up with considerable self-consciousness.

*Duke.* Tough luck, Willie, but to-morrow you'll probably get a big bunch of mail.

*Willie.* I hope so, Duke.

The sergeant flourishes aloft the last parcel.

*Sergeant.* Boys, here's a parcel addressed in Mr. Green's hand-writing.

*Hawkins.* Well, wot about it?

*Sergeant.* It's for Number Sixteen Platoon.

*Hawkins.* Hoo'raiy.

*Percy.* Good old Green.

Suzanne comes into the courtyard carrying a wooden pail. Crossing to the well, she lowers the pail into it.

*Hawkins.* Open it up, sarge.

The sergeant carries the parcel over to the bench between the road-gate and the barn and starts to tear off the paper coverings. The troops, pushing and jostling good-naturedly, crowd around him. Abel, who has been muzzily meditating, staggers to his feet and lurches down on the struggling mass like a tank. He pushes himself into the forefront of the fray where he will have the first pick of anything that comes out of the parcel. Even Willie works up enough interest in life to drift over and stand on the outskirts of the crowd. The troops are all so engrossed in the parcel that none of them noticed Suzanne when she came in with her pail. Oley, who has been leaning out over the lower-half of the estaminet-door, sardonically watching the distribution of the mail, now slinks out and tries to force his attentions on Suzanne.

*Oley.* Why ban you cross with me, Suzanne?

*Suzanne.* Monsieur, do not annoy me, s'il vous plaît.

Suzanne starts to draw the pail out of well but Oley makes no move to assist her.

*Oley.* You ban always rude with me.

*Suzanne.* And I shall be so toujours—always.

Suzanne rests the pail on the top of well.

*Oley.* Be careful, you little cat.

*Suzanne.* You insult me. Allez, à l'instant.

Bill comes in by the road-gate. As he is just returning from hospital, he wears full-marching order, including rifle, water-bottle, haversack, mill-sack with tin-hat attached and other impedimenta. He also is sporting a third wound-stripe. Suzanne, who is facing the gate, bites her lips in anger and embarrassment as she realizes in what compromising company Bill finds her. Leaving the pail on the well, she runs into her room, slamming the door behind her. Oley, surprised, turns around and sees Bill glaring fiercely at him. Oley is about to slink off when suddenly he realizes

what an extraordinary opportunity this situation has given him to cause a further estrangement between Bill and Suzanne and thus get revenge on both of them at the same time. So, leering maliciously at Bill, Oley picks up the pail and saunters over to Suzanne's door with a nonchalant and unperturbed swagger. Knocking at the door with a careless and almost proprietary rap, he lays down the pail and then jauntily strolls over to the estaminet to concoct further plots with Goedzak. Bill pulls himself together and tries to assume a care-free air of indifference.

*Bill.* Everything quiet on the Western Front.

The troops, who have all been bending over Green's parcel, turn around to see who has spoken.

*Sergeant.* Hello, Bill.

All the troops crowd around Bill and shake hands with him.

*Duke.* Welcome home, Bill.

*Percy.* How far did you get?

*Bill.* O I only made the Casualty Clearing Station.

*Hawkins.* Wot's the blinkin' use of gettin' wounded if they won't give a bloke a trip to Blighty? . . . No leave, no nothink. Gor'blimey, but there ain't no way of gettin' back to Blighty nohow.

*Duke.* Cheer up, Hawkins. We'll all be demobilized some day.

*Hawkins.* Us guys wot only signed up for seven years may be, Duke, but you blokes wot joined for the duration—O lor'lumme!—why you'll be goin' up the line for the rest of your naturals. But just take a little tip from one of the Old Originals:

Hawkins is off again on another variant of the same old discords.

*Hawkins:*

When you're going to the farm, with your rifle on your arm, Take it from me, you'd better watch old Fritz, or he Will send a whizzbang there, stealing softly through the air, The memory haunts you, the lobster wants you, Keep away from Zillebeke, dear old Zillebeke, away from Zillebeke Farm.

Bill has taken off his equipment and thrown it on the ground.

*Percy.* Say Bill, I just got five dollars in a letter from home . . . Five good old simoleons. Come on and help me break it, Bill.

Bill is thinking of Suzanne and has not been listening to what Percy was saying. On hearing his name, however, he suddenly recalls himself.

*Bill.* Pardon, Percy, what were you saying?

*Percy.* What's wrong with you, old man? . . . Did you fall in love with one of those nurses down at the C.C.S.?

*Bill.* O nothing like that, Percy.

*Percy.* I was just asking you if you'd have a drink of vin blink.

*Bill.* Why yes. Certainly.

Bill, Duke, Hawkins and Percy sit down at the table in front of estaminet while the other troops settle down in front of the barn, organizing card games and writing letters home. The sergeant sits on the bench to the left of road-gate. Harris comes staggering in the gate carrying a bed-roll on his shoulder.

*Duke.* What's up, Harris? Have we got some new officer wished on us?

*Harris.* No chance. This here valise belongs to my Mr. Green.

*Percy.* Has he rejoined?

*Harris.* Just arrived. Me and the Major saw he had good stuff in him and so we pulled the wires and helped to get him back quickly.

Harris sits down at the table near that occupied by Percy, Duke, Hawkins and Bill.

*Duke.* I say, Bill, Mr. Green didn't show up too badly on that wiring-party, did he?

*Bill.* You're right, Duke. Mr. Green has as much grit and nerve as anybody in this outfit and what's more, he's a mighty good head too.

*Harris.* Them's my sentiments too. Mr. Green just gave me five francs for good luck.

Mr. Green appears in the road-gate followed by Harris whose chest is nearly bursting with proprietary pride.

*Bill.* Party—SHUN!

All the troops spring to attention.

*Green.* Carry on, men.

The troops sit down again.

*Green.* Mighty glad to see you all again.

Green takes an appreciative look around the court, his face beaming with a no-place-like-home expression. He then turns to Bill.

*Green.* Seems jolly good to be back again, doesn't it, Walton?

*Bill.* Yes sir.

Green reaches over and shakes hands with Hawkins.

*Green.* Hello, Hawkins . . . How's the beer now?

*Hawkins.* Something 'orrible, sir, but we still drinks it when we can get it.

*Green.* Good . . . Mademoiselle, serve drinks to the platoon, s'il vous plaît.

Abel leaps up and almost before the other troops understand the significance of Green's action, Abel has galloped over to one of the tables where he takes up a position of strategic advantage, and sits gazing at Green with mute and almost dog-like gratitude. Julie flits into the estaminet. The other troops make a frantic rush for the tables, cheering lustily.

*Troops.* Hurrah.

Green shakes hands with Percy.

*Green.* Well, Percy, how are all the mesdemoiselles?

*Percy.* Ah-er . . . the fact is, sir, I've lost all interest in women.

*Green.* Really?

Green then addresses the platoon in general.

*Green.* Have some news for you, men. As you probably know, Major Mackenzie is going on the Staff. When he leaves, he is taking the Sergeant with him and accordingly Corporal Walton is to get three stripes and take over the platoon.

*Hawkins.* Hoo-raiy.

*Troops.* Hurrah.

Julie has entered with a tray of glasses and a pitcher of beer which she proceeds to pour out for the troops. Suzanne comes out from her shop and crosses to the estaminet but stops at the door to see what is going on.

*Green.* Walton, I'm most awfully glad to have you for my platoon sergeant.

Green warmly shakes hands with Bill while Suzanne watches this manifestation of cordiality with unconcealed delight. Julie hands Green a glass of beer and he gives her some franc notes to pay for the drinks.

*Green.* Aren't you going to give Percy a drink, mademoiselle?

Julie pouts for a moment and then disdainfully tosses her head.

*Julie.* Si vous le voulez, monsieur.

Julie slaps down a glass and fills it for Percy.

*Green.* Good health, men.

*Troops.* Good health, sir.

*Hawkins.* Lor'lumme, sir, I 'opes you get wounded often.

*Green.* All right, Hawkins, I'll try to.

Green again speaks to the troops in general.

*Green.* O by the way, men, leave has opened up again and our battalion has been given an allotment of one man.

*Troops.* Hurrah!

*Green.* The first name on the leave roster is that of . . .

Hawkins, in his anxiety to hear the good news, leans across the table so far that he nearly upsets it.

*Green.* Company Quarter-Master-Sergeant Muggins . . .

A groan goes up from the platoon and Hawkins flops back into his chair, overwhelmed with gloomy disappointment.

*Hawkins.* Gor'blimey.

*Green.* But Major Mackenzie has decided that the Regiment would be best represented in Blighty by Private Herbert Hawkins.

*Hawkins.* Wot? Me sir?

*Green.* Yes, you, Hawkins.

*Hawkins.* Lor'lue a duck. Now wot d'you think of that?

*Green.* Corporal—as you were, I mean “Sergeant”—we’ll have a look at the billet and see whether it’s comfortable.

*Bill.* Yes sir.

Green and Bill go into the barn.

*Hawkins.* Lor’lumme, but ‘e ain’t ‘arf changed, ‘e ain’t.

*Duke.* Why now he’s a pukka prince. Nothing like a taste of the trenches for making a man . . . But congratulations, Hawkins, on getting Blighty leave.

*Hawkins.* Gor’blimey, Duke, but that ain’t a bit of orlright, not ‘arf, wot?

Hawkins unburdens his soul in a melody which the other troops pick up and sing.

*Hawkins:*

Blighty, Blighty,  
All aboard for Blighty, Blighty,  
Mother put my nightie  
By the fire to air,  
I’ll soon be there.  
When the war is over  
All aboard for Dover,  
For Blighty, Blighty,  
See those big propellers  
Making music in the foam,  
See that leave boat  
Ready to start—  
Bound for Blighty,  
Glad to depart.  
Well, don’t you know where Blighty is?  
Why bless your heart,  
It’s the soldier’s home sweet home!

The Sergeant comes in the road-gate very briskly. He is now wearing belt and side-arm. He clicks up in front of Green and salutes very regimentally.

*Sergeant.* Major Mackenzie’s compliments, sir, and he wants you to stay here for a few minutes. The Major wants to see both you and your platoon.

*Green.* Very good, sergeant.

The sergeant smartly salutes and then hastens back to Battalion Head-Quarters.

*Green.* All right, men, smarten up a bit before the Major arrives.

The troops clean up with feverish industry. Hawkins squats beside the well and, breathing strenuously on his buttons, vigorously polishes them with his coat-sleeve.

*Green.* O Hawkins, do you find old soldier’s breath as efficacious as Soldier’s Friend?

*Hawkins.* As effie wot, sir?

*Green.* As good for polishing brasses.

*Hawkins.* O yes sir, so long as we’re gettin’ a reasonable amount of beer.

*Green.* How have the meals been lately, Hawkins?

*Hawkins.* The mulligan’s been orful, sir. It’s three months since a potater was last found in it.

*Green.* I’ll see we get some fresh vegetables at once. . . . But carry-on with your polishing, Hawkins.

Hawkins sits down again and resumes his interrupted labors with renewed vigor while Green tucks his cane under his arm and starts pacing up and down the court, apparently at peace with all the world.

The Brigadier-General and Major Mackenzie come in the gate, followed by Sergeant Hall.

*Green.* Platoon—SHUN!

Salutes are exchanged.

*General.* Major, let your men stand easy.

*Major.* Mr. Green, have your platoon stand at ease.

*Green.* Platoon, stand at—EASE.

The General pompously addresses himself to the men.

*General.* This is not to be a parade, men . . . Just stand easy but listen to what I have to say . . . Er-aw . . .

Hawkins was in his shirt-sleeves when the General invaded the courtyard and now the General spots him crouching behind the well as he wriggles into his tunic.

*General.* When you’re ready, my man, we’ll carry on.

Hawkins hastily buttons up his tunic and then, stepping forward, stands stiffly to attention.

*General.* In passing through this village in my car, I stopped off to have afternoon tea with your acting C.O. and it occurred to me that there was something in this morning’s Divisional Routine Orders which I rather fancied might interest you . . .

Major Mackenzie takes a copy of Divisional Orders out of his pocket and holds them ready for the General.

*General.* These orders . . .

The General fumbles around in his pockets in search of them.

*General.* Er-aw . . . Major, where are those billy-be-hanged orders?

*Major.* I have them here for you, sir.

*General.* Er-aw . . . Major, this platoon . . .

The General refers to the orders.

*General.* While on a wiring-party some three weeks ago, was attacked by a strong hostile patrol . . . Er-aw . . . During this encounter with the enemy, Lieutenant . . .

The General adjusts his monocle, consults the orders and reads extracts therefrom. Abel, after considerable search, succeeds in locating a penny in his pocket. Using it as a monocle, he proceeds to imitate the General’s every move. Since he is standing behind the General, the Major and the Sergeant, he can do this with comparative impunity.



*General.* "Lieutenant Edward Brock Green, Canadian Infantry, greatly distinguished himself, while Number 48,135, Corporal William Walton, showed conspicuous bravery. This officer and corporal covered the retirement of their party and, although both wounded, succeeded in capturing an enemy officer."

The General looks up from the orders and addresses the troops.

*General.* I may tell you, men, this gallant action gave me a most valuable prisoner . . . ah-er . . . who furnished me with most frightfully important information . . . Br-errrrr . . . Frightfully.

The General again reads from the papers.

*General.* "In recognition of the distinguished gallantry displayed on this occasion by Lieutenant Green, His Majesty the King, has awarded him the Military Cross."

The General turns to Major Mackenzie.

*General.* I want to congratulate the recipient of this honor.

Green steps smartly up and salutes. The General gives a violent start, steps back a pace, re-adjusts his monocle and surveys Green from head to foot.

*General.* I believe, Mr. Green, that I have met you before.

*Green.* Yes sir.

*General.* But nevertheless, Mr. Green, I am proud to have you as an officer in my Brigade.

The General shakes hands with Green who then salutes again and steps smartly back, taking up a position slightly in front of the left flank of his men.

*General.* I also note, men . . .

The General consults the orders and reads.

*General.* "That the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, has awarded Corporal Walton the Military Medal for bravery in the Field."

The General turns to the Major.

*General.* Major, where is this Corporal?

*Major.* Corporal Walton.

Bill steps smartly up and salutes. Suzanne is taking a very lively interest in this part of the ceremony.

*General.* Corporal . . .

The General has forgotten Bill's name and so consults Orders once again. Hawkins, who has grown restive, has gradually edged forward until he is almost as close to the General as is Green. Hawkins starts craning his neck to see whether he can locate what there is in orders to engross the General's attention so deeply. The General becomes aware of the scrutiny to which he is being subjected.

*General.* Now, my man, since when did you become a front-rank officer?

Hawkins quickly and ingloriously fades back to his proper distance where he stands to attention with aggrieved rigidity.

*General.* Corporal . . . Corporal . . .

The Major whispers to the General.

*Major.* Corporal Walton, sir.

*General.* Aw yes, I have it . . . Corporal Walton!

The General addresses Bill.

*General.* Corporal, I am proud of you, my brave man. I am the General of your Brigade but it gives me pleasure to congratulate you.

The General then shakes hands with Bill who steps back a pace, salutes and takes up a position on Mr. Green's right flank.

*General.* I think, men, we should now give three hawty cheahs for this gallant officer and very brave corporal . . . Now men, take the time from me.

The General waves the orders aloft and a ragged hurrah comes from the troops.

*Troops.* Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

*Duke:*

En avant la cantinière,  
La cantinière du régiment.

At the end of this song, Hawkins cuts in with:

*Hawkins:*

Rolling home, rolling home,  
Rolling home, rolling home,  
Rolling home with the old Armee.  
O we've had some fun  
Killing off the Hun  
And now we'll go rolling, rolling home.

A distant bugle blows the Retreat. Everybody in the courtyard clicks up to attention, the General standing at the salute while Hawkins presents arms with his hay-fork. On the last note of the call, the General cuts away his hand and Hawkins snaps his pitch-fork up to the slope.

THE END



Ashley and Crippen

Photographs

61 Bloor West North 8252

### Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars to the reader who can identify the largest number of the following CHARACTERS FROM FICTION. The name of the author and of the work must be given in each case.

- |                        |                      |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Lizarann Coupland.  | 7. Eustace Morven.   |
| 2. Father Holt.        | 8. Mr. Slithers.     |
| 3. William Crimsworth. | 9. Victor Radnor.    |
| 4. Lydia Carew.        | 10. Zenobia.         |
| 5. Sir John Chester.   | 11. Seraphina Ramon. |
| 6. Bardo de' Bardi.    | 12. Rose Leyburn.    |

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than January 20, 1922.

#### NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition, whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

### Results

The prize of five dollars for the identification of the largest number of QUOTATIONS is awarded to F. L. Flight, 740 Bloomfield Avenue, Outremont, Montreal. The winner succeeded in placing all the quotations except number 4. The following is the complete list:

- (1) Dickens, Little Dorrit.
- (2) Sir Henry Wotton, Reliquiae Wottonianae.
- (3) Samuel Johnson, Rasselas.
- (4) A. H. Clough, The New Decalogue.
- (5) Lamb, Table Talk.
- (6) Boswell, Life of Johnson.
- (7) Shakespeare, King Lear.
- (8) George Meredith, Diana of the Crossways.
- (9) Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona.
- (10) Andrew Marvell, The Garden.
- (11) Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona.
- (12) Sterne, Tristram Shandy.

#### ANNUAL LITERARY PRIZE TORONTO WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and County of York a prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best short story not exceeding 4000 words, to be sent to the President, Mrs. John Bruce, 37 Bleecker Street, Toronto, on or before February 1, 1922. Manuscript must be typed and accompanied by a stamped envelope bearing the writer's name and address; also a written statement that he or she has not received payment for literary work. Competitors must be of Canadian birth and a story with a Canadian background or atmosphere is desirable.

### Our Book-Shelf

#### Fiction

*Maria Chapdelaine*, by Louis Hémon (Librairie Grasset, Paris). Translations by (1) Sir Andrew Macphail (Oxford University Press, Toronto). (2) W. H. Blake (Macmillan).

France was too preoccupied in 1914 to give even passing notice to this little novel when it made its modest début in *Le Temps*. It is true that its author was not totally unknown to the reading public of France, but it is more than likely that this literary gem might have been lost to the world if a Canadian, Louvigny de Montigny, had not discovered it, perceived its worth and enabled others to enjoy it by bringing it out in book form for the first time in 1916. France has made amends by recently publishing a Parisian edition to inaugurate a new series, and we are promised as a later number that other novel of the same author, *Lizzie Blakeston*. Louis Hémon, a Frenchman, the son of the well-known French scholar Félix Hémon who has published an excellent study on Corneille, has been appropriated by Canadians though he spent only the last eighteen months of his life in this country. Two French Canadians, M. Alonzo Cinq-Mars and M. Damase Potvin, have given a dramatization of *Maria Chapdelaine* in *Le Terroir*, and recently two English Canadians, Sir Andrew Macphail and Mr. W. H. Blake, have issued for English readers two separate and distinct translations of the same novel.

A translation is intended of course only for those who cannot read the original, and as there are many such benighted souls, much gratitude must be felt to the translators. But the task of the translator is not an easy one. He must endeavour to convey to his readers the same impression that the original author conveys, and in the case of *Maria Chapdelaine* this is very difficult indeed. How is one to retain for the English reader the charm enjoyed by the French Canadian when he meets in print such indigenous expressions as *il mouille* for *il pleut*, *icitte* for *ici*, *oui*, *son père*, for *oui*, *mon père*, *l'eau frette* for *l'eau froide*, *règne* for *existence*? The book abounds in such untranslatable vernacular, and herein lies much of its enchantment; and though no one would think of criticizing a translator for failing to do the impossible, it must be recognized that the original is vastly superior to any possible translation. But what can be done has been well done, especially by Mr. Blake. Always willing to sacrifice the letter for the spirit, he takes more liberties than does Sir Andrew Macphail, and as a result gives a smoother, more readable English version. Sometimes he recasts whole sentences and even paragraphs to give a more English tone and appearance. Occasionally his art is somewhat more apparent than is that of the original, but this impression may be due merely to our comparison

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and realisation of the difficulties he had to contend with. In any case it is doubtful whether a better translation could possibly be made.

It has been rumoured in Quebec that there is a possibility that *Maria* may appear in the "movies". Heaven forbid! It has dramatic possibilities but not of the canned dramatic type. Incidents are required for this, and incidents are not numerous in this story, nor are they of the kind that interest the movie fan, being neither exciting nor impossible. Indeed the plot is not what makes the strongest appeal to the reader. It is perhaps a trifle too simple and realistic to commend itself to many. *Maria*, the daughter of a pioneer in that part of Quebec north of Lake St. John, loves François Paradis, a trapper and guide who goes up into the still more remote North. He perishes in the forest. Later two other lovers come, one a neighbour, Eutrope Gagnon, who offers her a continuation of her present life, a life of hardship and never-ceasing struggle with the forest, the soil and the cold; the other is Lorenzo Surprenant who has deserted this primitive life and now invites *Maria* to go back with him to the distant city in the "States" to live a life of ease and comfort. She deliberates, wavers, and finally chooses Eutrope, remains and struggles on. But for its delicate symbolism the story itself might seem somewhat cold. Its strength lies in the strength of its characters. The penetration, fidelity and sympathy shown in the delineation even of the most humble and seemingly unimportant constitute its chief beauty. Each personage is a distinct individuality, real and living, drawn from life indeed. (All have been identified. The real *Maria* left Péribonca recently and entered a religious sisterhood.) The descriptions too are admirable. Excellent pictures of Quebec life are given in the account of the winter drives, the crossing of the ice, the berry-picking and wood-cutting; and the relation of the death of *Maria's* mother, surrounded by her helpless, loving family, is one of the finest passages in modern literature. It is the loss of her mother that finally makes *Maria* decide that she cannot leave this part of the world. She hears the voice of Quebec calling to her.

"Thus spake the voice:—'Three hundred years ago we came, and we have remained. . . . They who led us hither might return among us without knowing shame or sorrow, for if it be true that we have little learned, most surely nothing is forgot.'

'We bore overseas our prayers and our songs; they are ever the same. We carried in our bosoms the hearts of the men of our fatherland, brave and merry, easily moved to pity as to laughter, of all human hearts the most human; nor have they changed. We traced the boundaries of a new continent, from Gaspé to Montreal, from St. Jean d'Iberville to Ungava, saying as we did it: Within these limits all we brought with us, our faith, our tongue, our virtues, our very weaknesses are henceforth hallowed things which no hand may touch, which shall endure to the end.

'Strangers have surrounded us whom it is our pleasure to call foreigners; they have taken into their hands most of the rule, they have gathered to themselves much of the wealth; but in this land of Quebec nothing has changed. Nor shall anything

change, for we are the pledge of it. Concerning ourselves and our destiny, but one duty have we clearly understood; that we should hold fast—should endure. And we have held fast, so that, it may be, many centuries hence the world will look upon us and say:—These people are of a race that knows not how to perish. . . . We are a testimony.

'For this is it that we must abide in that Province where our fathers dwelt, living as they have lived, so to obey the unwritten command that once shaped itself in their hearts, that passed to ours, which we in turn must pass on to descendants innumerable:—In this land of Quebec naught shall die and naught shall suffer change. . . .'

F. C. A. J.

### Political

*Correspondence of Sir John Macdonald*, edited by Sir Joseph Pope (Toronto, Oxford University Press. 1921. Pp. XXVI, 502. \$5.00).

The student who has some knowledge of the outlines of Canadian history between 1860 and 1890, and who wishes to learn something of the men and the forces of that time, can find no better source-book than the selections from Sir John Macdonald's correspondence which his trusted secretary and literary executor, Sir Joseph Pope, has now given to the public. The five hundred letters included are chosen from an immensely greater supply. "Harry, my boy," Sir John is quoted as remarking one day to the Sergeant-at-Arms, Colonel H. R. Smith, "never write a letter if you can help it, and never destroy one." He apparently followed his own advice, at least in the latter respect. As the editor rightly observes, his action in preserving his intimate political correspondence reveals a serene consciousness of integrity which in itself is noteworthy. Naturally, there are few letters dealing with the early years, but the light afforded on the first generation of the Confederation period is abundant.

Sir Joseph has included many letters to, as well as from, Sir John. Many correspondents are represented by a single letter, but a few names bulk very large in the total—the six governors-general under whom Sir John served, Monck, Lisgar, Dufferin (very vividly self-portrayed), Lorne, Lansdowne, and Stanley; his colleagues, Cartier, Rose, Galt, Tupper, Hincks, Chapleau, Thompson, and the Canadian Pacific trio, Stephen, Smith, and Van Horne.

Macdonald was an admirable letter-writer. He could adapt himself to every need, now high and serious discussion of a constitutional issue, now the lightest passing raillery. Whether grave or gay, his letters were never without a purpose. He wrote with his eye on his correspondent, and chose his phrases to suit the need. The personality of the man finds expression in the unfailing distinction of the style.

As to the opinions revealed, there is little that is unexpected. His essential conservatism is clearly displayed, whether in his insistence on a point of etiquette—"forms are things", he writes a North-West Lieutenant-Governor—or in his contention,



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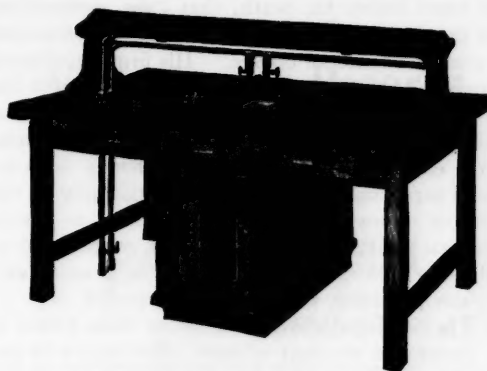
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two years before his death, that "the monarchical idea should be fostered in the colonies, accompanied by some gradation of classes." His firm attachment to imperial connection is not incompatible with the development, in theory and in practice, of colonial nationalism. His desire to strengthen the central at the expense of the provincial authority finds repeated expression, not least characteristically in the attempts to use the lieutenant-governors as agents of federal policy. His strong dislike, on personal as well as on political grounds, of appeals to racial and religious prejudice, is very well illustrated.

The Sir John who stands out in these letters is the leader and manager of men. His delight in the fray, his skill in making hostile colleagues work together, his uncanny knowledge and adroit use of the strength and the weakness of each of his contemporaries, his infinite patience, his resort to roundabout and subterranean means of influencing action, his care in wringing from a situation every ounce of political advantage it could yield—as in taking credit for Mgr. Taschereau's red hat, in which, incidentally, François Langelier also claimed some share—enable the reader to understand how for forty years Sir John Macdonald dominated the political stage. But it is not the party leader alone who stands revealed, but the sincere and unrelenting patriot.

The editor has done his work well. The selections are significant, and the notes helpful without being obtrusive. Four portraits of Sir John, from the age of 27 to the age of 68, help in the understanding of the man. The book is indispensable for the student of Canadian history, and should be read, marked, and digested by every present-day party leader.

O. D. SKELTON.

### Educational

*Historical Statistical Survey of Education in Canada* (Dominion Bureau of Statistics).

This report, published under the Education Statistics branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, is an important "contribution to knowledge" on the subject of education. It is significant in its appearance even more than in its contents. A contribution on a subject of such magnitude and difficulty, the result of "eighteen months of work" could scarcely aspire to completeness. University professors alive to the possibilities of comparative annual statistics in a search for evidence favourable to large government grants will search the report in vain. Students of elementary and secondary educational problems attempting to analyze the comparative annual statistics presented will find little to aid them. For instance no statement of comparative annual legislative enactments for the provinces con-

cerned is given. They will find reason to hesitate before accepting the conclusions set forth. They will wonder whether the close conformity of High School examination marks in those easily(?) graded subjects, "Composition and Rhetoric, grade IX, Manitoba, 1905" (p. 42-3), to the curve of probability represents a satisfactory or unsatisfactory state of affairs. Nevertheless every Canadian will find statistics of unusual interest on all subjects pertaining to our educational problems, and of more significance he will find a commendable study useful as a basis for more complete publications in the future.

H. I.

### SHORTER NOTICES

*The Outline of History*, by H. G. Wells (Macmillan, \$5.00).

Two features of this third edition of Mr. Wells' great book will interest the reading public. The author has availed himself of the wealth of criticism offered and has corrected and modified to a very appreciable extent. Then the price has been lowered sufficiently to make it reach a much larger proportion of the people for whom it was written, that is, everybody.

*This Man's World*, by Will Levington Comfort (Gundy, \$1.90).

Another thrilling South Sea yarn, with a jungle-bred hero, whose struggles to protect the natives against the cruelty and cunning of "bad whites", are told in a tumbling succession of wild adventures. If anything more were needed to make the book exciting, the heroine supplies it.

*The Daughter of Helen Kent*, by Sarah Comstock (Gundy).

This is an interestingly told story of a deserted young wife and her daughter, of the inevitable flowering of romance in the latter, of her rebellions against her mother's disillusioned attitude, and finally of the new call of love that came to Helen Kent and re-united her and her daughter.

*The Girls*, by Edna Gerber (Gundy, \$1.90).

A story about three old maids, all about the same age, though great-aunt Charlotte, is seventy-four, Lottie is thirty-two, and Charley is eighteen and a half. And they are all, not seventy-four, but eighteen and a half. The book is full of bright optimism and bubbling with humour.



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## Trade and Industry

	Aug. 1921	Sept. 1921	Oct. 1921	Nov. 1921	Nov. 1920
Wholesale Prices <sup>1</sup> ..... (Michell)	165.4	164.4	161.5	160.0	233.1
Family Budget..... (Labour Gazette)	\$21.98	\$22.34	\$22.01	.....	\$26.13
Volume of Employment <sup>2</sup> ..... (Employment Service of Canada)	89.0	89.6	90.0	88.8	104.3
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities <sup>3</sup> ..... (Michell)	103.0	104.4	105.9	108.6	108.4

<sup>1</sup>Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

<sup>2</sup>Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

<sup>3</sup>The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE month just past has seen no change in business conditions, which may be reckoned as fundamental. There has been a slight contraction in employment. The fall in wholesale prices is negligible. The fall in the retail cost of living, reflected in the reduced official estimate of the Family Budget, is a return to the conditions of two months ago. Retail prices appear still to be higher than they were in July. Within the last few weeks the foreign exchanges have been strong. Sterling has risen, and the premium on American funds has fallen somewhat. But we cannot yet assume that exchange rates will remain even relatively stable.

If business has been "marking time", however, the same cannot be said of the stock market. It required no great degree of discernment to prophesy two years ago that bonds were becoming a good "buy". The prophecy was freely made, and, after a considerable period of waiting, the wisdom of the market has been justified. A trade depression is always accompanied by falling interest rates, and with falling interest rates go rising bond prices. But in the stock market the same thing has been occurring. The slow rise in the prices of good Canadian securities, which was a feature of the late summer, has culminated in an average advance of nearly three points during the month of November.

This is the second marked advance in the price of common stocks, which the present year has witnessed. The November average, quoted above, is 108.6—exactly the same as that of May. But the present increase is still well below the high point of 110.3, which was reached in February. Readers of THE CANADIAN FORUM will remember that the year began with a burst of business optimism, which we refused to share, and, as events have proved, quite rightly. Investors who bought in the last weeks of winter, to sell their stocks in the spring, were involved in a loss on their transactions which prudence would

never have incurred. Is the present rise in the better common stocks to prove a short lived disappointment? Or is the sustained rise since August a harbinger of better times?

In one respect conditions are fundamentally different from those of ten months ago. When the last upward movement occurred in the Stock Market, prices were tumbling downwards and unemployment was spreading rapidly. The monthly drop in wholesale prices was in the neighbourhood of five per cent. Manufacturers were engaged in a continuous and most difficult process of readjustment. Workers were being laid off at the rate of about thirty thousand weekly. Forecasts of wage reductions were being met by the threat to strike.

At present there is no such tension. Both the wholesale market and the labour market are comparatively stable. Reductions in wages have occurred more often than not, and have as a rule been accepted philosophically. Elsewhere there have been similar developments. In some countries the level of prices has actually risen.

Not that we can regard ourselves as being yet out of the wood. The tremendous problem of international indebtedness, in part a heritage of the war, in part of a discredited Peace Treaty, still remains unsolved. We still deal in paper money which carries an uncertain gold value. Europe is still unable to purchase from us on her accustomed scale, and cannot hope to do so till policy replaces drift. The possible failure of Germany to maintain her reparation payments is a matter of vital concern to more peoples than the French. Even in this country there is at present a great deal more unemployment than many people realise. But here at least, there is no longer the feeling of uncertainty hanging over business operations, which was a nightmare to many just twelve months ago.

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